

The History of

Princ. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to —

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five yeeres: be ready a long lease for the chinking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou bee so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let mee see, about Michaelmas next I shall bee.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas but a pennyworth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poynes. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt. But Francis:

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice gart, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poynes. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the Fourth.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looke to the Ghests within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: Poynes.

Poynes. Anon, anon sir.

Enter Poynes.

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall wee bee merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunnaing match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present Twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prince. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Perceys miude, the Hoisbur of the North, he that kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want work, O my sweet Harry sayes shee! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rino, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poynes. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou been?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke, Boy. E're I leade this life long, ile sow netherstocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitefull hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

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Fals.